

winter 1958

measure

st. joseph of indiana



st. joseph's college

winter



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MY BROTHER



... TED

By
Henry
Pictor

Ma always had a special love for my brother Ted. "Her little Teddy," she used to call him. Ted wasn't spoiled by any means, but it seems that he did hold a special place of affection in ma's heart. Maybe it was because Ted had been so sick when he was a baby. I don't remember that far back, but Sally my older sister, has told me all about it.

A short time after Ted was born, he got awful sick. Ma and pa got the doctor from Sand Creek. After the doctor had examined Ted, Sally says, he shook his head and said that it was too bad, but he couldn't do anything for the baby, and that he wouldn't live very long. He said that about all ma could do was to take good care of him and then trust in the Lord. Now ma always was a God-fearing woman, but she thought that doctors had to do their part too; so the next morning she and pa bundled up Ted, hitched up the horses, and made the long 40 mile trip into the city to see one of those city

doctors. Sally said that they didn't get back to our farm until the next night, and when they did get home ma was crying, and Ted didn't look any better. The city doctor had told ma that there wasn't any hope for Ted's recovery because there was something wrong with his heart. But ma didn't give up. I guess she figured that even if doctors couldn't help, she and the Lord could make Ted get well. And that's exactly what did happen. It took a long time, but because of ma's faith in the Lord and her constant love and care, Ted did get better. He began to get strong and grow up just like other little babies.

Ted never did grow up big like the rest of the boys our age. He was just puny. He was always getting sick, and he missed a lot of school. I was glad on the days he was sick 'cause then I didn't have to walk to school with him. He was so slow, and I always had to stop and wait for him to catch up.

Ted was a scardy-cat too. He would never go up to our bedroom after dark unless I would come with him and carry the lamp. When I told him one night that the old Murphy farm, which we passed every day on our way to school, was haunted, he got so scared that he didn't want to go to school the next day because we would have to go by the old Murphy place. I used to like to sneak up behind him and scare him, just to see him jump. Ma always got mad at me for that. She said that

Ted had a weak heart, and that I shouldn't scare him so. Ted didn't like it that he was that way, and he tried hard not to get scared. But that's all over now. Oh, I wish Halloween had never come last year.

The news was announced in school in the morning. There was to be a big Halloween party that night in Pop Kramer's barn at the edge of town, and everybody in school was invited to come. Pop owned the general store in town, and he was always doing nice things for us kids.

The party was all I could think of in school all day long. When lunch time came, and I was eating lunch with Ted, he said that he wanted to go to the party too, but that didn't bother me for I figured that once it got dark, he would turn chicken and decide not to go. When the school bell rang at 3:30 I could hardly wait to get home, so we could get the chores done and get ready for the party. As usual, though, Ted was late getting out of school. His sixth grade class was always the last class out of school, and Ted was always at the end of the line. He sure wanted to go to that party bad, and I wondered whether maybe he was starting to grow up and to forget that old scardy-cat business.

It seemed like it took us forever to walk those three miles home. I carried Ted's books along with mine as usual. Ma said that walking all that way to and from school each day was hard enough

for Ted without having to carry books besides. I ran the last little way and left Ted way behind me. I didn't even bring in the mail, but I did bang down the lid of the mailbox so Ted could bring it in. I rushed into the house and started to tell ma about the party before Ted had even got there. Before I finished, Ted came into the house, and asked whether he could go to the party too. Ma said that I could go, but she wasn't so sure whether she should let Ted go. Ted said he really wanted to go, and pa even said he thought it would do him good, so ma said he could go along.

We hurried with the chores that evening, and it wasn't even dark yet when we sat down to supper. After supper Sally helped ma with the dishes and Ted and I got cleaned up for the party. I got ready in double quick time, but Ted was slow as usual and it was good and dark before we left the house.

We got to Pop Kramer's barn after the party had started, but we didn't miss much of it, so I didn't get mad at Ted. It was a great party. All the kids from school were there, and everybody had a good time. Ted kind of surprised me, for he didn't hang around me all evening, but he joined in the games with everyone else and seemed to be having a good time. About ten o'clock we all sat down for the refreshments. There was plenty of cider and doughnuts for all. As we were sitting around gulping cider and

munching doughnuts, Pop said that he would tell us some of his ghost stories. Pop was well known for his stories. He always made them seem so real, because they were usually about places in and around town, and people who had lived there.

Tonight Pop told us about old Mr. Murphy, the man who had been shot and killed by thieves one night when he caught some of them trying to steal some of his stock. Well I knew that. Pa had told me about it, for it had happened when pa was a little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy had raised a big family, but strangely enough they had all been killed or died one way or another. One of the boys had been knifed in a fight in the saloon in town, and another of the boys had been hung for horse stealing although he claimed to the very end that he was innocent. Eventually only Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were left on the farm, and when Mr. Murphy was killed by the thieves, Mrs. Murphy had gone insane and had to be taken away to the city to an institution. Over the years the government had sold all the land to the farmers in the area for back taxes. We even bought some of the Murphy's land, pa said. But the old house still stood there, vacant, and all alone, all these years. Mr. Murphy was buried in the back of the oldest part of the cemetery, and an old wooden cross still marked his grave. Pop ended his story by telling us that old man Murphy

comes back to life on dark nights to seek the thieves who had killed him, and that if you ever go by the cemetery on dark nights you have to watch out so old Mr. Murphy doesn't mistake you for one of the thieves.

Well, everyone enjoyed the story, and we discussed what we would do if any of us should happen to meet Mr. Murphy some dark night. I wondered how Ted was taking all this. But he seemed to be enjoying it just like everyone else. Although we begged Pop to tell us another story, he said that he had better not, for it was getting late and some of us had a long walk home yet that night.

Ted and I said good night to the kids, and thanked Pop Kramer for a wonderful time. Outside we met the Jenkins kids: Nancy, Teresa, Andy, and Jud. They lived in the same direction that we did so they asked us whether we would like to walk along with them. Andy, the oldest, is a year older than I. He is sort of a bully; he always gets into fights at school and I don't like him. But I do like Nancy, who is in my class in school. So I said yes, we would like to walk along with them. I knew that if we walked with them we would have to pass the cemetery and I knew Ted wouldn't like that, but I thought that he shouldn't be too afraid as long as we were with some other kids.

It was a dark night, for it was cloudy, and there wasn't any moon or stars. It was chilly too.

A cool north breeze, the kind you get in the fall, was rustling the dry leaves in the trees overhead. Ma had made both Ted and me wear our jackets though, so I wasn't cold. As we walked along we discussed what a fine time we had had at the party. Nancy and I had bumped heads when we were ducking for apples, and Teresa teased us that we had done it on purpose. Gradually the conversation shifted over to Pop's ghost story. Jud especially liked Pop's stories.

"I always try to remember them," he said, "so maybe some day I can tell those stories just like Pop Kramer does. What did you think of the story, Ted?"

It was here that I noticed that Ted hadn't said a word since we left Pop's party. I looked around to see him right behind, keeping as close to me as possible.

"Oh, I-I like go-ghost stories," Ted stuttered. "I can take them ju-just like anybody else."

"Lay off him, Jud," I said. "You know my scardy-cat brother is afraid of his own shadow."

"I am not afraid of my shadow," Ted said weakly.

"Okay, okay you're not afraid of your own shadow," I answered.

As we walked along we continued to discuss ghost stories and various ghosts which were supposed to roam our area. I was quite careful though not to get Ted into the conversation. Once when a particularly strong gust

of wind stirred up a pile of dry leaves alongside the road, Ted grabbed my hand. I felt that his hand was cold and damp, and it seemed to be shaking a little bit too. As we neared the cemetery Andy started to tease Ted.

"So you're not afraid of your shadow, eh? I'll bet you would be afraid of old man Murphy if all of a sudden he was to jump up in front of you."

"I-I would not be afraid. Ghosts don't scare me. I'd just tell him to go away."

"Oh yeah, well I'll bet you wouldn't walk into that cemetery tonight. Some ghost would be liable to get you," teased Andy.

"We-well maybe I wouldn't go into the cemetery at night. I m-might f-fall into a gr-grave," stammered Ted.

Here I was all set to ask Andy to shut up, but I knew that that wouldn't do any good. And then, too, Ted had to learn sometime. After all he couldn't go through his whole life being afraid of everything. Maybe a little teasing would do him some good.

"There, see, you are a scardy-cat," said Andy. "You know you couldn't fall into a grave in a cemetery. They're all filled up with dirt. You're just a namby-pamby mama's boy, who's afraid of his own shadow."

"That's right, you are a chicken," chimed in Teresa.

"I tell you what," said Andy, "if you're not a chicken"—by this time we had stopped in front of the cemetery—"you go on into

that cemetery and bring us out here the old wooden cross on top of old man Murphy's grave. It fits real loose on its place, and you can lift it right out of the cement foundation."

"I wo-won't do it," Ted said. "it's too d-dark."

"Don't be a chicken," I said. "It's easy. Go ahead. Show them you're not afraid of your own shadow."

"I'm no-not a ch-chicken. I don't know where the grave is."

"Oh that's easy," said Jud. "It's right at the end of the main path."

"Go ahead," Andy said, "we will wait right here for you."

Ted started off into the cemetery. He walked real slow, and I noticed he was shaking like a leaf.

We waited a long time out in front of the cemetery. It was kind of spooky that night. The wind made funny noises as it played in the trees overhead, and it was so dark you could hardly see your hand in front of your face. We all expected to see Ted come running back without the cross, so he surprised us when he did appear before us lugging the old wooden cross. The cross was bigger than I had thought it was. Why it was almost as tall as Ted. Ted was puffing real hard. He dropped the cross in front of us, and it took a little while for him to regain his breath, but even then he couldn't say a word. I noticed that his eyes were as big as pie plates, and he was shaking

from head to toe. Finally he managed to stammer, "Le-let's g-g-go home."

"Oh no," cried Andy, "you're not through yet. You got to put the cross back now. You want old man Murphy to think you stole his cross?" Andy picked up the cross and pushed it toward Ted. "Go on now. We'll wait for you. What's the matter. You ain't scared, are you?"

Ted let the cross fall in front of him.

"I-I," he stammered, but he couldn't get the rest of it out.

"Go ahead, Ted," I said. "Show them you aren't scared."

Ted bent over and picked up the cross.

"We'll wait right here," I said.

Ted started off into the cemetery again. We waited another long time. Andy suggested that we hide in the trees alongside the road and jump out and scare him as he came out of the cemetery.

Nancy said, "No, no, we better not do that. Can't you see he was scared half to death anyway? I'd be scared too if I was going in there myself tonight. It is awfully spooky out, and then after all that we heard about ghosts too, and it is Halloween."

"That's right," I said. "I think Ted's had enough of a scare for tonight."

We waited another long time, but still no sign of Ted. An owl hooted nearby and Teresa jumped half a foot.

"I don't like this," she said; "let's go. Ted probably got scared

and took the short cut across the field home."

We waited another little while, and finally I decided that's what Ted must have done. He could have taken the short cut across the field in back of the cemetery, for that was the shortest way home.

"Okay," I said, "That's probably what he did. Gee I hope he doesn't tell ma that we tried to scare him."

We walked around the big bend to the Jenkin's house. I said good night to the kids, and then high-tailed it for home.

"I'm liable to get it good if Ted told on me," I thought to myself.

But when I got home, Ted wasn't there. Ma immediately wanted to know what had happened. I tried to stall around, but I finally had to tell her. Pa said, "Come along, we'll find him. Maybe he fell and hurt himself."

We went back to the cemetery, and there we found Ted. He was slumped over Mr. Murphy's grave. The wooden cross was in its place, but Ted's jacket was caught beneath it. I went to get the doctor from town, and he came right away. He pronounced Ted dead. He said, after he had heard what had happened, that it appeared to him that Ted had died of over-exertion and shock. The shock must have come when he felt that his jacket was caught as he tried to get up after he had replaced the cross in its foundation. Maybe he thought it was old man Murphy trying to grab him

or something like that. It doesn't matter though. Ted was dead.

Ma took it pretty hard at first. She wasn't mad at me though. I didn't even get a licking. I wish I had now. It was hard on pa at first too. But both ma and pa went on with their everyday tasks. Why after a while they almost acted as though they didn't miss Ted. I remember when it was Ted's birthday this April. Ma, Sally, and I were doing up the supper dishes, and I just couldn't help it, so I started to cry. Ma dried her hands, and sat down in the big rocker. She told me to hop up on her lap, 'cause she had something to tell me. It was then that she told me that the good Lord gives little boys and girls to parents only for the parents to take care of them. They really still belong to God, and when He wants them back again, He takes them.

She said, "Sometimes it might be hard for the parents and the brothers and sisters, but then there are lots of hard things that we have to get used to in this life. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away."

She also told me then that in a couple of months I was going to have a new baby brother or sister.

Well I'd like a new baby brother, but he will never be like Ted. He'll never walk to school with me like Ted did. Why he'll probably run all the way, and carry his own books too. He won't be afraid of going up to Ted's and my bedroom at night without a lamp. He won't be Ted—eating lunch with me at school—at the end of the line when school let out—bringing in the mail—helping in his own little way with the chores. He might be all right, but he will never be like Ted.

Highway

My heart is a highway,
Two lanes both going
in the same direction
in opposite ways.

Lane 1

is most crowded and the
crowd is noisy and laughs
and the people try to
keep their cars on the road
but they don't.

It is a beautiful lane!

Lane 2

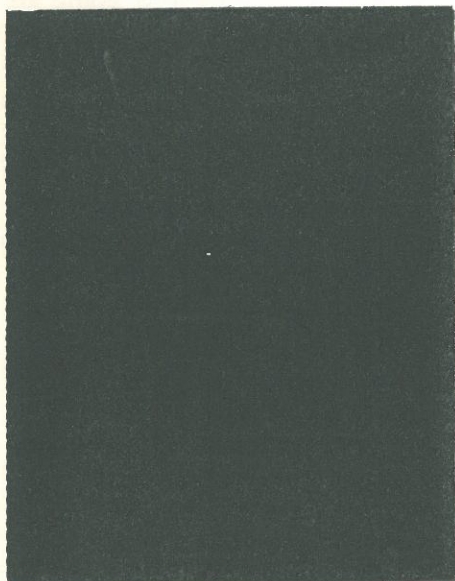
is rather relatively unused,
and everyone (usually) drives
slow,
carefully, and only gets "home"
with tires worn out and hearts
too (almost)
but they do get there.

It seems this road needs fixing,
but it doesn't.

I wish I could get off Lane 1.
I'm tired.

—Ronald Moorman

Jay Andres —



**The
Night
Watchman
Of**

WBBM

By Thomas DeMint



Several months ago, George Lingen, Jim Rogers, myself and our dates were touring Chicago's near North side boola-boola drinkeries, where the racoon coat set hung their hip flasks and submerged into an exotic subterranean atmosphere of soupy cigarette smoke, stale beer stench, and grey flannel. From there it was only a martini-glass throw over to the CBS studios, where we were going to have an early morning chat with Jay Andres and find out what so many people were so enthusiastic about from 11:30 p.m. to 5:30 a.m. each morning. *Meas-*

ure had been interested in a story on the "Music 'til Dawn" Show and Andres was expecting us around 2 a.m.

The CBS radio and television studios are housed in something similar to a hangar you would build to house the entire Strategic Air Command. Add a luxurious lobby, a maze of TV sound stages, press rooms, make-up cubbie holes, conference rooms, office space and control rooms, all connected by arteries of gaudy windowless corridors, and you get the general idea of the building's floor plan. The night guard we passed gave

us a quizzical look, no doubt thinking we were six luses straying off the beaten Rush Street path or else music-loving insomniacs.

Jay sat encased in glass and acoustic walling. When we slipped into the studio he was tilted back on a folding chair, his back to us, talking on the phone. The music of an LP on the turn table was the only sound we'd heard since we entered the building. As soon as Jay finished on the phone he greeted us and apologized for his abruptness on the phone that afternoon. I had called Jay to set up the interview and caught him watching the World Series, with Hank Aaron at bat.

I had some fears about asking the right questions that would lead into a good interview, but Jay took care of that. He told us that he had just been talking with a girl that had been in Mexico and, knowing that he was about to vacation there, had called him to insist that he be sure to catch some quartet's act that she was sure he would enjoy.

"That happens every night," he said, lighting a cigarette. "Lots of people call at night. Some call to talk about music—others just call to talk. They're lonely and want to talk to someone. I guess I make a good listener."

"Do you ever get any crackpots?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he grinned. "The other night for instance I had to hang up on a guy. I hate to do that. He called back and apolo-

gized for being so obnoxious and I apologized for hanging up. Some people just feel they have to get in the last word. But that's the first time I've had to do that."

Once, while Jay was answering fan letters during his show, his assistant got a phone call. The voice on the other end boomed, "I'm Carl Sandburg and I'd like to tell Jay Andres how much I enjoy the music he plays."

"YEH? and I'm Harry Truman," snapped the annoyed assistant and hung up. Fortunately Sandburg called back and everything was cleared up when Andres talked to him.

Casting around for a leading question I asked about his seemingly limitless knowledge about the classics. "Where do you get all your information?" I asked.

He told us, "Off the backs of albums." We all laughed.

"What do you get the most requests for?" I asked.

"A lot of people want to hear Catholic hymns. We play a good deal of them."

"What type of audience listens to your show at this hour?"

"All types," he answered. "I got a call the other night from a hat check girl over on Rush Street with a request. Last night a surgeon asked for a particular piece. Cab drivers, travelers, anyone who is up and around during these hours. A lot of people have called up and told me they don't like the kind of music I play, but they listen to it in a revolt against the low-caliber music that's float-

ing around these days. But this music grows on them and they begin to appreciate and enjoy it."

"How did this all start?" I asked.

"Originally—back at the University of Marquette where I was majoring in Journalism. I was working in a factory, driving a cab, and working as a disc jockey for WMLO."

I remembered a press release the publicity office had given me a week before. From Marquette and WMLO, Jay had come to Chicago Marshall Productions, a "package" homemaker type of show. Then it was just a step across Michigan Avenue to the WBBM studios for Jay. His knowledge of music got him the announcership spot for the CBS Grant Park Symphony Orchestra series. Jay explained, "This show isn't alone at night. American Airlines has this show in Boston, Cincinnati, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco and Washington. The idea was originally to have the entire CBS network. The president of American Airlines initially planned to buy up all of CBS at night for Music 'til Dawn.

The idea was to give those who are living at night a program different from the run of the mill disc jockey program. In the daytime the radio listener doesn't distinguish one music program from another. There's no sponsor identification. Here is an all-night show that has a format in the classical vein—without the

interruptions of high pressure selling. American Airlines operates this study on a public service basis."

Jay has a way of talking about American Airlines that makes it sound as though he just happened to think of a good idea and thought he'd bring it up. The pleasant tone of his voice coming over the air in the wee hours prompted one of the students here on campus to wonder which he enjoyed more, ". . . Andres' conversation or the music he plays."

"The king of the night owls," as Jay is sometimes called, has no complaints about his hours. He claims it's a sure way to beat the rush hour traffic. Jay usually arrives home just in time to see those of his seven children who are of age off to school. In spite of the hours Jay claims he has a lot of time with his family. He likes to putter around the kitchen in the guise of an amateur cook, whipping up such exotic dishes as Shrimp de Jonghe. Mrs. Andres claims he's an expert at the job—which would come in handy with as many in his family as Jay has.

By all appearances and indications this thirty-five year old early morning Pied Piper with the discs has a bright future ahead of him. American Airlines has a good investment in Jay Andres and the "Music 'til Dawn" idea. We will be hearing a lot of Jay Andres in the future—at least quite a few Chicagoans and Midwesterners hope so.

DECISION

BY
WILLIAM
McCREA

Mark rapped sharply on the rotting screen door. The old house stood silent. When a third knock brought no response, he flicked away the glowing cigarette and hurried down the board steps to the waiting car.

As Mark centered himself behind the wheel, she asked apprehensively, "Is he there?"

"No."

"Where do we go now?"

"To the station; maybe he's there."

He turned the new car into the street, sped to the intersection and turned left. They drove down Central Avenue. Glen's *Green Star* filling station soon appeared on the right. Mark swung the car sharply into the drive, the tires squealing slightly. The headlights bathed the deserted station with a white glare.

"It's gone!" he exclaimed, pointing over the wheel at the gasoline pumps.

"What's gone?" Carole asked, confused.

"Ah? Oh! Nothing," he stumbled, quickly withdrawing his arm, "I mean he's gone. Glen isn't here. We've got to hurry!"

Mark turned back into the street and headed downtown. He peered straight ahead, leaning slightly over the wheel as if making an effort to speed the car forward. His brown suit was rumpled; the white collar stood open. Only his hair, arranged in an undisturbable crew cut, gave trace of order. It was 3:00 a.m. and he had dressed quickly.

Carole looked questioningly at her fiance, but he did not return her glance. She gazed back at the lighted street. She was slight in build, but was a good complement to Mark's sinewy physique when they walked together. Tonight the blonde hair fell at random about her shoulders. Her face lacked make-up, another consequence of hurried departure. She was more carefully dressed than Mark though. She had had a little time while he drove over to get her.

The light blinked red and Mark glided to a stop. He seemed to relax slightly, now that the car was still. He turned to Carole, who already faced him.

"What did he say—exactly?" he asked.

Carole hesitated a moment, then replied with mechanical precision, "He said, 'I'm going to try it tonight. Please come and watch from Terrapin Point at 3:30.'"

"Is that all?"

"Well, no—he said the usual things, too."

"Like what?"

"Oh, you know, Mark, just what he always says. I can't remember exactly."

The light changed. He looked to the street and hit the accelerator.

"I hardly know Glen," she ventured, defensively. "What does he say such foolish things for?"

"He likes you."

"But he knows that we're going to be married."

"Glen's funny that way; it wouldn't mean much to him."

He stopped for another light.

"Did you tell him that you would come?" he asked.

"I said I didn't know if I could."

The light flashed green. They rode on in silence. Carole moved closer to him and started to say something, but didn't. She glanced out at the cars for a moment, then turned a determined face toward him.

"Mark, what's he going to do tonight? You seem to know what's going on. Won't you tell me?"

"Not until I'm sure."

"Please, honey, why is it so important? I've only met Glen twice, at the gas station. I feel kind of sorry for him because he seems so lonely. But why should we run around at this hour looking for him just because he called me up? You're not jealous—Mark?"

"That's got nothing to do with it."

"Then what are we doing this silly thing for?"

He faced her suddenly and snapped, "Carole, I've known Glen for a long time. I know how he thinks. I've got to keep him out of trouble if I can."

Carole sulked back against the seat, wondering.

Central ends at Falls Street. Mark veered right. They could hear the falls now, even inside the car. He looked at his watch—it was 3:15.

He turned off to the left, into Prospect Park. It was deserted except for some late spooners in a secluded car near the pavilion. Mark followed the winding road to the first bridge, the one to Goat Island. As they drove across, Carole looked down at the rushing water below, then farther downstream to the distant cloud of mist that hung over the cataract.

The car swung left at the foot of the bridge. Carole grasped his sleeve.

"This isn't the way to the Point!" she exclaimed.

"I know," replied Mark.

She started to answer, but they were there now. The car halted against the guard rail. Mark opened the door and the vibrating thunder of the Niagara surrounded them. Carole pulled her coat about her and followed him onto the pavement.

"We're going to the Sisters!" he shouted, pointing to a dark clump of trees straight ahead, "Hold my arm on the bridges!"

They hurried along a narrow path now, only faintly visible in the autumn moonlight. Fog from the rapids hung in thin bands between the trees. As they crossed the footbridge to the first of the Sister Islands, Carole again looked downstream, this time at the huge Horseshoe. Multicolored lights from the Canadian side played along the entire edge of the falls, making the billowing mist shimmer in a continuous rainbow.

Mark moved along in a broken trot, pulling Carole after him. He did not stop until they stood on the rocky beach of the outermost island.

Before them was the Niagara, rushing madly northward to take its deafening plunge into the dark Horseshoe. Everywhere the water ran white with speed. Only a few granite crags, projecting above the tormented waters, dared to challenge the crazed river.

Mark walked out to the edge of the beach. Carole trailed behind, a bit fearful.

"Be careful!" she cried.

"Don't worry," he called back.

He looked upstream, slowly searching across the river. Satisfied, he hurried back up the beach.

"Will we find him here?" she asked.

"I hope not," he replied, still looking at the river, "I hope not."

He stood there for a moment, staring with sharpened eyes into the hazy mist. Then, as if remembering her presence, he turned about and walked closer to her.

"We'll wait a little longer, honey," he murmured.

Carole relaxed beneath his comforting arm. She wondered yet, but did not question. Mark knew what he was doing—he always did.

He moved so quickly that she nearly fell. He was running down the beach. The falls muffled his shout, but she could see him point to the river.

At first she thought it was just the water. But now it danced closer, plunging and flying to the torrent's every whim. She stumbled after him, straining her eyes all the while towards the object in the river.

Suddenly it bounced over a boulder, poised motionless for an instant, then shot through the water toward the beach. It rolled over and over; the dark green star looked like a gaping hole in its white side.

She called helplessly. Mark ran ahead, slipping crazily over the slime-covered rocks. Wet shrubs tore at him, but he sped frantically on. Even so, he could barely match the barrel's speed as it paralleled the island.

About two hundred yards from the edge of the falls, the shrubs thinned and the beach widened. Mark gasped an oath, flinging his body forward in a tortured burst of speed. Up the long beach he raced, slowly gaining distance on the trailing barrel. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he veered sharply to the left and sprinted straight for the river.

Her scream pierced even the roar of the falls. Mark splashed to a momentary halt; Carole was struggling across the beach toward him. For an instant he looked back at her, the water swirling and tugging about his knees.

But how the barrel bore down towards him, straight and fast, about sixty feet out from where

he stood. He gestured forward, then quickly halted again.

The barrel had stopped. It had plunged into a calm eddy behind a granite shelf. Now it circled lazily, each time wandering dangerously close to the open water before it returned to the pool's safety.

Carole ran through the water towards him. With a cry of despair she grabbed his coat and strained toward the shore.

"Carole! Go back!" he yelled.

"You'll be killed!" she screamed.

Suddenly, she slipped and fell into the shallow water. Mark caught her arm and dragged her onto the beach. She clung to him with all of her strength.

"Oh, Mark!" she whimpered, "What are you doing!"



He tried to push her away, but could not. Then she felt his whole body tighten, as if her restraint had loosed some terrible power within him. Now his hands dug like talons into her shoulders as he drew her face close to his.

With blank eyes he stared into hers; his mouth was set in a black line. The moonlight made his tense face grotesque with dark shadows. He stared, but did not see her.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" he cried, his voice rasping in agony.

"Oh God!" he screamed, "I've killed my brother!"

In crazed fury he threw Carole to the ground and plunged after the barrel. The torrent caught him instantly in its crushing grasp. She watched in sick helplessness as it flung his body against a distant boulder, then

carried him to the brink beneath a sheet of white foam . . .

The rusting pickup clattered onto the bridge. Glen looked at his watch and cursed to himself. It was 3:45. Damn slow truck. Took so long to get back to shore after dumping out the barrel. Will she still be there? She has to be! Just me and her. We'll just stand there and wait for my barrel to come down and do its stuff. Just me and her. And Mark won't be around to do something better. My barrel is better than all of him. Just me and her. And maybe, if she wants, I'll be inside next time.

Window Cleaner

"And
the windows
are dirty,"

Crossed-signed,

x

and

o,

and flat lips,
dirt.

the little old
cannot see,
even though she is
blind,
She cannot see,
the window
is
DIRTY.

Rain-window

Clean,

Snow window

Clean,

Hot-window—

"Wash the
window, God,

and

I'll pay you

late

late

later."

—Ronald Moorman

Elegant

Taste

By

John

Gulassa

The great, winding staircase nodded negatively beneath the weight of Pepin Austaufen's body. He was in a hurry to enter his bedroom. The breaths he drew were deep and slightly irregular from the rapid ascent of the steps. Quickly he reached the top and sauntered into the room. Was it real? The whole evening of music, the satisfying gowns, the elegant taste of manhood were vibrating through his happy mind in a pleasant reminiscence. Yes, it *was* real and true. There he stood before the full length mirror on the west wall of his room just as godlike as he must have been at the ball. How delighted the ladies had been! How grown-up he had felt! This night he had truly become a man. He turned around slightly and saw the real emptiness of the room. The bed, the small, wooden desk and its matching straight back chair, the tall, unattractive chest of drawers, the bookcase of childish literature—they were all too foolish to realize the full beauty of their master. They had belonged to the boy, Pepin Austaufen, but now he was a man. He felt so giddy he wanted to carelessly toss the entire room through the window. But he didn't.

"Any maid would be happy to have such a man," he said to no one as he flung his coat and clean white shirt on the bed. "I think that someday I shall be the most brilliant man in this world. People will bump their heads and stumble in the mud when the great name of Pepin Austaufen is shouted."

The morning sun was too sharp for his sleepy eyes. Pepin stumbled unevenly out of the bed and pulled in the shutters. The reality of the evening before was too jerky and incoherent for his mind. But the suit was wrinkled on the chair a few feet of blue carpet away. He must have used it. Why had he worried last night? Why was he worrying now? Didn't he believe himself to be magnificent? "But, Pepin!" he laughed aloud. "You *are* a man!" Sleep left his tired eyes and body. He was ready for a hundred more balls and evenings like the ones of yesterday.

Pepin's elderly father was the head of the public schools of Hamburg, Germany, and for years had held the title of *Der Meister des Schules*. His name of Austaufen had become prominent because of his gentle and humble manner of life. He was the great man of Hamburg.

The morning after the ball Pepin's father spoke with him at the breakfast meal. "Did you find the ball pleasant, Pepin?" the father asked.

"Father, I have become a man!"

"I think you are right, Pepin. You are a brilliant fox for your years. It is my will for you to take my office in Hamburg, for an old one like me has much need of rest. I must die soon, but you will be great for many years."

"Bah, Mickti Austaufen," the young son said, "your old age has made you very foolish. Can you not see that I am far too great to sit in the schools all day? Who would hear of Pepin Austaufen if he hides in a little room forever? I have often thought that you should have spent your life in something that would have made our family famous, instead of wasting your time on the simple schools of Hamburg.

"If you did not wish to be great, why do you hinder me? I will become the greatest lawyer our Hamburg has ever seen. I shall be the lawyer king of the world. They shall send for me to try the cases of their country. I am a wise man, Mickti Austaufen, not an old and foolish one as you present yourself. You have always permitted people to shove you about as they wished. You have never fought for the family. Now it is my job to show everyone that Austaufen is the greatest family of Hamburg!"

"Oh, Pepin," his father said gently, "you have ambitions that are mightier than those of great Caesar. I was young once and I had ideas of becoming great. Not to be a lawyer, but to be the chancellor of a united Germany. But then I was offered the posi-



tion of *Der Meister des Schules*. I still desired to be the greatest politician that Germany ever produced, but people goaded me to take the office. I had met your mother and fell deeply in love with her. The only method by which I could support her was by temporarily accepting the headship of the schools. But soon I found the task too wonderful and pleasant to leave it. Besides, I wanted to always be with the family. I have had this wish fulfilled."

"Are you trying to force me

into a position that I do not wish?"

"I am trying to help you, Pepin. But you don't want to listen. Maybe I *have* been foolish, indeed too foolish. I have always let you have your way ever since you were a boy. You received the best foods and clothes. Were there not parties for your friends every week? Now you reward me with words unfit to be spoken to curs, I who am your own father!"

Pepin arose suddenly from his chair and flung the napkin over his unfinished food. "You can

never win my sympathy with such folly," he said. "You only gave me those things because they were *mine*. Could you cast your own flesh and blood upon the streets, while you lived in comfort? Hah! You would have been more foolish than you appear to me now. Some day *I* shall be the only Austaufen people know. They shall cheer me as I enter the courts. They shall say, 'My, what a brilliant one to be the son of an old school master.' Ah, but why do I waste time arguing with you. You are too stubborn to listen. I am leaving for the big school of Bologne. You shall hear of my greatness from there!"

Mickti was speechless. Pepin stomped out of the room with heavy steps. The room became still without a sound. He knew the boy was intelligent, but to be treated like this? Mickti recalled his wife Stella. She had been small, pale, but extremely beautiful. "God has sent me an angel," he had told her the day they were wed. They had lived together for five years always hoping for a child. Then she conceived, and one day the child, Pepin, was born, but Stella was dead. The birth had been too strenuous on her frail body. Mickti was greatly saddened at the loss of his wife, but he took courage and placed his love in the boy. Now Pepin's pride had severed this love.

For three full days the father and son did not converse. Mickti's heart was broken, and Pepin refused to apologize. Each day was

a hundred years of excessive grief for the old one. He could not live without the love of his only son. After the third day of silence Mickti decided to talk with his son and forgive him. "If the lad wishes to become a lawyer, who am I to prevent him?" He planned to see Pepin at dinner, but Pepin came to him in the early morning.

"Father, give me money. I am going to France today." Mickti said nothing. He gave the son all the money he had in his wallet. "You shall be proud of your brilliant son someday, if your anger ever melts."

"Pepin, you go with my approval. Study well and be the great man you want to be. But listen to my final words to you. Don't fall for the French women. They shall seek you out because you are handsome, but never listen to them. They only wish to use you for their own pleasure. The French women can never be satisfied with only one man, but are too much interested in flitting about from bed to bed."

"That I will do, father," Pepin said. "I cannot waste my time on the women if I am to succeed in the books."

Pepin turned to leave, but his father rose from the chair and rushed to his side. "Pepin," he said, placing his hand upon the son's shoulder, "I am already proud of you."

Pepin was indeed a success in his school work. For three and a half years he had studied hard and

risen to the top of his class. The teachers of the great school were proud of the young Austaufen. They agreed that he was the most brilliant student to attend their school for many years. Pepin shrugged off their flattery with nonchalance. "They have yet to see the great Pepin," he said aloud to himself.

The women of Bologne were interested in Pepin because of his wit and beauty. Many wished him to attend balls with them, but he refused. He was not so much concerned with the words of his father, but rather he thought his books would suffer if he yielded to the wishes of the women.

One day several months before the end of school, Pepin fell in love with a young French girl he had seen in the marketplace. He did not know where she lived. He did not even know her name. He had just seen the girl once, but that was enough to upset his strange temperament.

Two weeks after he had found the girl, he saw her again, approaching him with the old crippled school janitor of Bologne whom many delighted in calling "the devil." Pepin purposely obstructed her passage as she drew near. But he accidentally bumped into the old man instead. The janitor was light and easily tumbled to the pavement. "How absolutely wretched of me," said Pepin assisting the old one to his feet. The janitor was too feeble to walk along under his own power. "Is this your father," Pepin asked.

The girl nodded bashfully and with a worried expression on her face. "Could such a French prize come from this old devil?" thought Pepin.

"Do you live far?" Pepin inquired.

"Just around this corner," answered the girl, gesturing with her head toward the corner a few steps from where they were.

"Her voice is very sweet," thought young Austaufen.

When they arrived at an old apartment that was quite shabby, the girl told Pepin to stop. "We are home," she said.

"This is not the place for such a one," decided Pepin. "She would much rather live in a beautiful place in Hamburg."

Pepin assisted the old one to the third floor where he lived. The girl opened the door, and Pepin set the janitor on an old chair in the room. "Where is the bed?" asked Pepin.

"We don't have any," the girl retorted. "He sleeps in the basement on some old sacks, and I live on the floor over here by the heat." She pointed to a small, dirty fireplace.

"How do you live this way?"

"We are used to it," she answered simply.

Pepin left the girl with her father. He felt uneasy about the whole incident. "I should never have tried to divert her attention. Then it would not have happened."

Pepin did not sleep that night. He was afraid that the old one

would die. "Ah!" he said, "why do I worry this way? Tomorrow when I go to the school I shall see the old one working about as usual."

But the humpbacked janitor did not work the next day. Nor did he work for the next ten days. Pepin became very worried again. As soon as he could, he hurried to the apartment house where the girl lived with her father. When he knocked on the door, the girl opened it cautiously.

"Is the old one better today?" Pepin asked clumsily.

"He is much better," the girl replied. "He died the night of the accident."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"How could I find you? Besides it wasn't really your fault. Sleeping in the basement for fifteen years ruined his health. Our doctor gave him only a short while to live."

"But . . . you're lying to me! You've got to be!" Pepin exclaimed.

"My sorrow is great without your doubts. Please go away!"

"But how are you living now? Where does your food come from?"

"I will get a job soon," she replied.

"I will help you," said Pepin. "My feeling for you could never allow me to just leave you like this."

Pepin tried to put his hand on her shoulder, but she moved away uneasily.

"You do not even know my

name," she said afraid. "Besides who could care for the daughter of the 'devil'?"

"I never called him the 'devil'," protested Pepin. "I pitied the old man. I wanted to help him, but he refused me."

"You wish me to believe that?" she said. Quickly she slammed the door in his surprised face. He had been rejected by a French woman! He tried the knob, but the door was locked.

Several weeks passed by, and Pepin was still broken over the girl's rejection. "Why would she not accept me?" he said over and over. His grades began to decline as the classes became more difficult. The faculty were annoyed at the show of young Austaufen. The tests were harder, but they had expected them to be easy enough for the brilliant Pepin. Pepin attempted to explain to them that he wasn't worried about anything and that he was applying himself, but they could not believe him. He finally yielded and revealed the whole story to them.

"You are extremely unwise to let your whole school work come to nought in the last portion of school just because of a young peasant girl. Perhaps if you would forget her until school is out, she will be ready for you then."

"I can easily see that you have never been in love," said Pepin as he got up to leave.

The next day he returned to the girl's home. He tapped the door lightly and opened it when

she failed to answer. He saw her just beginning to rise from the chair.

"I am so glad to see you," she said in tears. "I have been praying that you would come back. I am sorry for the way I acted. I was too full of sorrow to be able to reason well."

"Did you get a job," asked Pepin moving to her side.

"No one wanted me because I had no education."

Pepin put his arms around her to comfort her. She cried softly, jerking her head slightly whenever she breathed deeply. Pepin reached for his purse and offered her a hundred francs.

"This will assist you for a little time," he said.

"I cannot accept this from you, a stranger."

"I am Pepin the great," he said joking. "Pepin Austaufen from Hamburg, Germany. Now will you tell me your name?"

She smiled a little and said, "Socia . . . Socia Glissade."

"I have come to your country to learn law. But I am finishing the school in a few months. Would you like to come back to Hamburg with me?"

"I would, Pepin," she said.

From then until the very end of the school year, Pepin visited Socia every evening. Every few days he gave her money to continue to live comfortably. "It isn't much," he would say, "but you can live better on this than nothing."

After he knew that he had won

her, Pepin worked hard in his books to show his greatness. By the end of the school year he had regained the top position in his class again, and left the school with honors.

"See, I told you, Pepin," the school dean told him as he was leaving. "If you would forget about the peasant, you would win honors. Now you can see if she wants you. I'll venture to say that she is waiting for you." He laughed.

"You are right," Pepin said. "We are leaving for Hamburg soon."

The Dean suddenly lost his smile . . .

On the day before he intended to start his journey back to Hamburg, Pepin asked Socia to marry him. "I will soon have a good position in Hamburg, my Socia. I will be able to support you and all the young ones who are to come in comfort."

"Oh Pepin, I am so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you happy enough to marry me tonight?" asked Pepin.

"But Pepin, you promised we would have a big wedding in Hamburg."

"My old father does not wish me to marry a French woman. If we would return to Hamburg unwed, I am afraid it would all end. But when he sees that I am already married, he will be angry for a while, but soon he will bless us. He is a gentle, old man."

"Pepin, will our marriage be cursed from the start?"

"He will bless us, Socia."

They were wed that evening in a very simple ceremony. When the priest had concluded the marriage, they were exceedingly happy.

"Now you are my French prize," Pepin said.

Pepin and Socia traveled through France and Germany and arrived in Hamburg a week after they had left Bologne. Pepin was nervous and afraid to see his father. "I cannot tell him, Socia."

"He is gentle, you have said, Pepin. Why are you afraid of your own father? Was I afraid of mine, although many called him the devil?"

Pepin walked into the big house, carrying his bags in one and tightly holding Socia's left hand with the other. Mianna, the old maid who had cleaned house for the Austaufens ever since Stella had died, rushed up to Pepin and threw her arms around him. "Herr Pepin, you are back!" she exclaimed, tears of joy rushing down her cheeks. She had always been just like a mother to him. "Who is the woman, Pepin," she asked. "Surely this is not Frau Austaufen?"

"This is Socia, my wife," said Pepin proudly. "We were married a week ago this night."

"Pepin, why did you not wait until you returned? We would have had a large wedding for you."

"Father did not wish me to marry a French woman. Socia is French."

"Herr Mickti is at the School," she said. "He will not care if I kiss the bride." The old maid hugged Socia. Socia was happy over the welcome she had received from Pepin's house. "If his father is like this old one," she thought, "we shall all be happy."

Pepin left Socia with Mianna and walked to the School to see his father. The father was very glad to see the son after four years. "My! Pepin, you have changed," Mickti said. "I hear you did well in the school. I am proud of you."

"I have won the honors, Father," said Pepin proudly. "It was hard at times, but I have the skill."

"Are you ready for marriage, Pepin?" Mickti asked. "I think you will like the woman I have picked out for you. Her name is Maria Holten."

"Maria Holten? Father, what are you trying to do to me? She has the personality of a stable cow. I would not marry that pig for all the money in Hamburg."

"Pepin, what are you saying? She is a good girl."

"I already have a wife."

"Pepin, you did not disobey me?" said Mickti.

"She is French, but she's different . . . Oh, why are you angry, Mickti Austaufen? It is already done!"

"But you cannot trust the French women. Do you not believe me?"

"For almost the entire four years," said Pepin angrily, "I have

put off the French women who sought me. I met my Socia just three months before the end of the school. She was the daughter of an old school janitor. He was bent and crippled. I knocked his body to the ground accidentally in the market place. I helped her take him home. The old man died. I felt obligated to help the girl. Then I fell in love with her. Father, wait until you see her. You will change your mind."

"Oh Pepin, when will you cease to be a thorn to me?" sighed Mickti.

That evening Mickti Austaufen saw the woman Pepin had as wife. He knew that she *was* different. She was not extremely beautiful as Pepin had said, but she would make a wonderful wife for him, if he could settle down with her.

"Pepin, God has blest you with a rare French woman. Be a good husband to her."

Pepin was a good husband to Socia for the first four months. Their first child was already conceived. But Pepin was too young to settle down with Socia. He began admiring the other women of Hamburg. "This one is not bad," he would say to himself each time he saw a woman. "Ah, but my Socia is far better than that beast," he answered to ease the tension in his heart. Finally Pepin could no longer restrain his passions. He fell in love with a fickle woman of Hamburg named Massilene Adder. She had been married four

times and was noted for her skill at trapping men.

"Massilene, you are so beautiful," Pepin told her one night. "Let's leave Hamburg and become man and wife."

Massilene was used to such passionate and sudden love. The men always fell madly for her, but her love was always calm and superficial.

"Oh, Pepin," she said, "I would wish nothing better. Only so that we can be together."

"He has fallen for me," Massilene thought. "Perhaps I shall receive a tour of our country with this one."

One evening Pepin stayed up, reading, after Socia had retired. When he knew that she was sleeping, he flung his book carelessly aside and left the house. The next morning Socia woke up and noticed that Pepin was not beside her. Quickly she fetched the maid and inquired where her husband was.

"No, Frau Austaufen," said Mianna, "I haven't seen Herr Pepin since the supper of last night."

Socia worried. Where could Pepin have gone? Why did he not tell her? Maybe the law office called him away. He is probably at work in town. She dressed quickly and drove in the carriage to Pepin's law office. The door was securely locked. She knocked loudly, but there was no answer. She felt that he was dead in the office. She attempted pitifully to break through the door, but she

was too frail. She went in tears to the janitor. He was in the basement rinsing the mops after his morning scrubbing. "You must help me," Socia said to him in panic. "My husband is dead in his office."

"Is not his office locked?" asked the janitor. "I turned the knob this morning while I was checking the rooms. How did you open it?"

"I did not go in, but I know he's in there. He's *got* to be!"

Socia began to cry. The janitor was very shy and did not know how to comfort a woman. He was ugly and had never married.

"Shall we go and see, Frau Austaufen?" he said.

Pepin's office was empty. Socia despaired and cried heavily. The janitor did not know what to do. I must help her, he thought. He placed his hands, rough and dirty, upon her shoulders. "You must not cry, Frau Austaufen," he said awkwardly. "Herr Pepin is probably at the home now, impatiently stomping around, looking for his pretty wife and warm breakfast."

Socia suddenly became angry because she could not find Pepin. "Get away from me, you ugly beast," she screamed, fighting his clumsy passivity. She scuffled out of sight before he could slip a startled 'Frau' through his lips.

Socia roused Mickti out of his bed before the usual rising hour. "Father! Father!" she shouted, frantically shaking his limp and sleepful body. Her high pitched

words bounced about the small room. "Our Pepin is gone!"

Mickti was ill tempered when awakened early. "What the devil is wrong? Who started the fire?" he mumbled still half asleep.

"No, Father," Socia tried to explain, "there is no fire. It is Pepin. He is not here! He is lost!"

"Pepin is lost?" And is he not old enough to find himself?"

"Oh Father, why are you so stubborn?" Socia cried and buried her face in the blankets which warmed Mickti's feet. Mickti finally awoke. "What is the matter, my dear Socia?" he said tenderly.

"Our Pepin is gone. He has not slept in the bed. He is not at the office. Where has he gone?"

"Has the devil himself cursed that boy? Ah, Socia, you must not be so upset. I shall find your Pepin." Socia left the room, relieved. "He is no good," Mickti mumbled with a bitter grimace.

Pepin and Massilene were married by a Lutheran minister in a small village outside of Hamburg.

"Are you not happy to be my wife, Massilene?" Pepin asked.

"Extremely so, Pepin," she replied rather dryly.

"And do you think that I ought to tell my father of this deed?" asked Pepin.

"Are you just a helpless school boy? Can you not act on your own authority? Besides who could live with that ugly and selfish one whom you married? Were you drunk, Pepin, when it happened?"

"Socia was a good woman, Massilene," protested Pepin. "She

was just too simple for a great one like me."

"Ah Pepin," Massilene said smiling, "you are a proud one. Always trying to appease yourself for your own mistakes. But I still love you." She kissed him on the forehead.

Pepin had a grave fear and hatred for the word *pride*. It made him excessively angry if someone ever accused him of it. "Keep your filthy lips from my body!" Pepin shouted. "I was mad to have left that plain one. You are nothing but the devil's daughter."

Massilene was shocked. No one had ever treated her in this fashion previously. "The audacity of you to insult me," she screamed, slapping his face roughly.

"You would be a wise one not to provoke Pepin Austaufen. I am a violent one."

"Ha, ha," Massilene laughed, "the school boy is angry."

Pepin became violent. Hate and remorse felled the cheap love he had possessed for Massilene. He seized her viciously around the hips and flung her to the floor, employing all his strength. Her head splashed against the foot of the bed. She screamed tragically, then was silent and motionless. Pepin slipped his coat on quickly. "It is done, Massilene," he laughed. The door clattered after Pepin had slammed it.

The proprietor of the hotel had heard the cries of Massilene and the thump of her body on the floor. He puffed up the staircase to investigate. From the top of

the steps he saw Pepin calmly walking down the hall.

"Herr! Herr!" the proprietor yelled. Pepin turned around. "What is this noise I have heard?"

"I believe it was the people in that room," Pepin replied, pointing to the room he had just left.

The proprietor turned and looked. He knew immediately that it was the room Pepin had hired the night before. "But Herr, that is *your* room." He turned around, but Pepin was gone.

The proprietor looked to the left and right. No one was around. He cautiously turned the knob and opened the door ever so slowly. The sitting room was empty. He crept into the bedroom. "Grosser Gota!" he exclaimed. There was Massilene lying in a shallow pool of blood. He grabbed her hand and began tapping the palm rhythmically. "You will be better. You will be better." he said quietly. "Come, I will assist you unto the bed." She did not move. He noticed that she was not breathing. "She is dead, I think," he said. But Herr Mento, the proprietor, was dreadfully afraid of death. He dropped the body where it was, and fled the room as fast as his chubby legs could spin, shouting, "Help, help! I have a murder!"

The night was too cold for the light coat upon Pepin's back. He walked briskly toward the carriage shop. "I will take a carriage back to Hamburg. No one will know I did it. I shall tell my

father and Socia that I was called away on a sudden business trip."

He reached the shop and was glad to be warmed by the heat of the fire which burned nervously in the great fireplace. "Herr," he asked the attendant, "is there a carriage leaving for Hamburg soon?"

"One is leaving just now."

"Here is money. Give me one passage."

The horses of the carriage stomped through the small village and out into the countryside. The beauty of the trees and the land was carefully sheltered by the thick darkness of the night.

Pepin's body jerked limply as the carriage scurried over the rough roads towards the mighty city of Hamburg. His head was resting on the window ledge of the carriage. He slept.

"Our Hamburg is arrived," the coachman shouted, rapping on the door of the carriage. Pepin awoke suddenly and jumped down from the top step of the small, portable staircase the coachman had placed at the door of the vehicle.

Pepin was out in the cold of the evening again, but he felt warm and secure inside. He had all but forgotten Massilene. His strides were large and brisk and he soon reached his father's dwelling.

The house was dark and empty. "Mianna, Mianna!" Pepin called the old maid. She did not answer. He knocked heavily upon her door. Mianna opened the door

slowly and cautiously. When through the small opening she had made she first saw that it was Pepin, she carelessly flung it widely opened so that it banged against the wall.

"Herr Pepin," she exclaimed, surprised and happy. "You are returned!"

"Is my Socia in the bedroom?" Pepin asked softly.

Mianna nodded. "Her eyes have scarcely been dry since the day you left," the maid said. "She believed you lost to her forever."

Pepin turned to ascend the staircase which led to the bedroom.

"Where have you been, Herr Pepin?" Mianna asked, detaining him.

"This law business makes sudden demands on our bodies. We must often rush away without even a kiss for the loved ones."

Mianna placed her sturdy hands on Pepin's shoulder. "I fear the worst for your Socia," she said. "She has eaten hardly anything since you have gone. She doesn't even wish to live. She wanted to kill her fair body, but I have talked to her. I told her that if she killed herself, she would be responsible for the babe in her womb. She loves you very much, Pepin."

Pepin slipped up the staircase rapidly and quietly opened the bedroom door. The candle stand was lit, and Socia was sitting up in bed. She had just finished drinking the contents of a small glass and nervously set it on the

small table on her side of the broad bed. "Pepin," she said weakly, "you are returned? Are you not gone forever? Do I dream this nightmare in my death's agony?" Tears tumbled from her eyes.

"Why do you cry, Socia? I am safely back in your arms. It was nothing but a business trip. We shall be happy together as before."

"No, Pepin," she said. "It can never be that way."

"Why?"

"This." She held up the glass she had just emptied.

"Social!" Pepin exclaimed.

"It was poison," she said. "I could not live without you even if you were unfaithful to me." Pepin frowned and tried to protest. "No, Pepin, you cannot hurt me anymore. Massilene Adler, that old bag of Hamburg, came to me one day while you were at the office. She told me that you had proposed to marry her and were taking her away

from Hamburg. I could not believe her, Pepin. I thought you loved me. When you suddenly disappeared, I tried to tell myself that Massilene had been lying to me. But you were nowhere to be found. I was going to kill myself yesterday, but Mianna reminded me of the child. Today I have decided that it is not fair to have a child born in the world whose father roams the streets of Hamburg with other women. We die together, mother and child."

"I must call a doctor!" Pepin exclaimed.

"It is too late, Pepin." She cried pitifully. "Why did you do this to me, Pepin? How did I hurt you?" She fell back on the soft pillow behind her. Pepin rushed to her side and clasped her left hand in the two of his. He pressed the hand to his lips and cried loudly. "My Socia, I love you!" She did not want him to hold her, but she was too weak to resist. The hand grew limp. "My poor Socia," Pepin cried.

Marking Days

The days a hand marks
on a calendar,
A soul marks on eternity,
A strange thing,
Making marks on eternity
Where no mark is a mark at all.

—Ronald Moorman



Like What's With These Beatniks?

by

James

McCullough

I saw the best minds of my generation,
starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the
negro streets at dawn looking
for an angry fix,
angleheaded hipsters burning for
the ancient heavenly connection
to the starry dynamo in the machinery of the
night,
—Opening lines of "Howl" by
Allen Ginsberg

Lately howling themselves into prominence are a group of San Francisco Bohemians who call themselves the Beat Generation. As portrayed by poet Ginsberg and novelist Jack Kerouac, they

isolate themselves from contemporary "square" society and often wander across the country seeking kicks in various forms, such as sexual perversion, drugs, drink, and Zen Buddhism. However fantastic their creed, they seem to enjoy widespread prestige in their home grounds; poetry readings, usually with a progressive jazz background, are given to large and enthusiastic audiences at least weekly in small galleries, city museums, community centers, church social halls, pads and joints, apartments and studios, and at the very active Poetry Center at San Francisco State College, which also imports leading poets.

San Francisco alone of all U.S. cities seems to have had the right conditions to spawn such a group. Young writers there are a part of the large body of independent, skeptical workers who, as forest watchers, clam diggers, fruit-pickers, and fishermen in the summer, make a fast pile and then take it easy. A large Mediterranean population seems to give the city a cosmopolitan, laissez-faire attitude towards life. One local writer put it, "Nobody cares whether you visit a brothel, and nobody cares if you write free verse." Many of today's young poets were conscientious objectors

during World War II, and while quartered in C.O. camps for the duration had plenty of time for free verse. An unusual case is William Everson who wrote *Residual Years* while an inmate of a C.O. camp in Oregon Woods. Now he has become a Dominican friar, and under the name of Brother Antoninus has published both in the *Catholic Worker* and on his own press. His work has been praised for its "rugged, honest, unliterary quality with the ultimate, agonized sincerity that makes for a great, truly personal style."

The real star of the beatnik firmament, however, is Allen Ginsberg. Sales of his "Howl" multiplied when an overzealous police chief tried unsuccessfully to ban it as obscene. "Howl" is a hard-hitting torrent of words, a sustained shriek of frantic defiance which occasionally lapses into mere rant and scabrous exhibitionism. In a long series of relative clauses Ginsberg presents a shallow portrait of a whole group destroyed by modern society. If he had portrayed just one or a few of that group and the reasons for their despair, his polemic would have been more convincing. But whatever his faults, Ginsberg is singularly unlike the cautious, unmotivated, academic poets now so common elsewhere in the country, the "tame and fleecy" school. For that reason especially his works have real impact in his community.

Ginsberg's poem was partly

dedicated to a friend named Jack Kerouac. It has been Kerouac, more than any other, who has defined, popularized, and personified the Beat Generation. His first novel, *On the Road*, described hipsters as "the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn." The protagonist, Dean Moriarity, who is as promiscuous as a rabbit and digs joy rides in stolen cars, Kerouac calls "a new kind of American saint." Beat can mean not only tired, or in tune with the "beat" of modern life, but also beatific.

The reactions of the literary critics were varied. In the *New York Times* Kerouac was compared to Thomas Wolfe for "descriptive excitement," and his opus to Hemmingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, which portrayed the Lost Generation between the two world wars. Robert Gleason in the *Saturday Review* gave Kerouac this somewhat lefthanded compliment: "And not once in *On the Road*, no matter how sordid the situation nor how miserable the people, is there no hope. That's the great thing about Kerouac's book and, incidentally, this generation. They swing." Daniel Pinck in the *New Republic* commented succinctly: "Although its hero (Dean Moriarity) was a saint, there was no indication that he was above the level of a moron with locomotion."

Herbert Gold in *Nation* quotes Kerouac: "‘WHOOEE, I told my soul.’ This urgent message from Jack Kerouac to his soul forms the gist of the whole frantic tirade."

One of the most perceptive analyses of Kerouac was an article by Norman Podhoretz in the *Partisan Review* called "The Know-Nothing Bohemians." Podhoretz pointed out that "tremendous emphasis on emotional intensity, this notion that to be hopped up is the most desirable of all human conditions, lies at the heart of the Beat Generation ethos and distinguishes it radically from the Bohemianism of the past." Young rebels in the 1920's repudiated the provinciality, philistinism, and moral hypocrisy of American life in rural areas—theirs was a movement towards urban intelligence, cultivation, and spiritual refinement. 1950 Bohemianism, on the other hand, is hostile to civilization; it worships primitivism, instinct, energy. Its only intellectualism is in mystical doctrines, irrationalist philosophies, jazz, and bop language.

This love of primitivism leads, in Kerouac's second novel, *The Subterraneans*, to adulation of the "happy, true-hearted, ecstatic Negroes of America." The average Harlem tenement dweller might not consider himself so ecstatic, or for that matter, primitive. At any rate, the novel deals with the love affair between a white beatnik and a young Negro girl. The tremendous emphasis on sex indicates another difference

between the old and new Bohemianism. The former might use sex to gain freedom from ordinary social restrictions or to defy convention. The latter is concerned only with performance and "good orgasms," betraying a sexual anxiety of enormous proportions. "*The Subterraneans*," states Podhoretz, "is one long agony of fear and trembling over sex."

Podhoretz concludes that the primitivism of the Beat Generation serves as a cover for bitter-anti-intellectualism and a pathetic poverty of feeling. The heroes of *On the Road* and *The Subterraneans* are young men who can't think straight and so hate everybody who can, who can't get outside the morass of self and so construct definitions of feeling that exclude all human beings who manage to live in a world of objects. Any such movement towards primitivism, Podhoretz argues, can easily become a movement towards violence. The spirit of hipsterism is the spirit that animates young hoods who knifed a helpless polio victim and stoned a nine year-old boy to death in New York's Central Park.

As if in answer to Podhoretz' accusations, Kerouac toned down his latest novel, *The Dharma Bums*, which concerns the adventures of two ebullient young men who romp through life like a couple of delinquent boy scouts. Their goal is dharma, a Zen Buddhist term for truth or enlightenment. Recently the avant-garde *Chicago Review* devoted a whole

issue to Zen, which remains as baffling as before. It is more or less a relativist philosophy which sees good and evil as two sides to the same coin. Therefore it's futile to fight evil, which really doesn't exist anyway because it is a part of the everyday, but only apparent world. The Zen mind goes beyond this world, through meditation on nothing, to attain truth. When the narrator of the *Dharma Bums*, Ray Smith, hitchhikes home from California to North Carolina for the Christmas holidays, he spends most of his time meditating in the woods. His brother-in-law, who works for a living, takes Ray to task for his statement, "All things are empty." The brother-in-law asks, "If things were empty how could I feel this orange, in fact taste it and swallow it, answer me that one." Ray replies:

"Your mind makes out the orange by seeing it, hearing it, touching it, smelling it, tasting it, and thinking about it but without this mind, as you call it, the orange would not be seen or heard or tasted or even mentally noticed, it's actually, that orange, depending on your mind to exist! Don't you see that? By itself it's a no-thing, it's really mental, it's seen only of your mind. In other words it's empty and awake."

The Dharma Bums is cluttered with such gibberish. There is a supposedly symbolic scene in which Ray and his friend Japhy

Ryder climb a mountain in the High Sierras and, incidentally, a few mixed birthday-suit parties. Rarely is conventional society directly attacked: "But there was a wisdom in it all (Zen Lunacy), as you'll see if you take a walk some night on a suburban street each with the lamplight of the living family riveting its attention on probably one show; nobody talking; silence in the yards; dogs barking at you because you pass on human feet instead of wheels." For the most part Kerouac just assumes we will accept bumming as the great American vocation.

His "spontaneous" style all the more defeats his purpose. While working on a book Kerouac types rapidly, disregards conventional punctuation, and rarely gropes for the right word where two or three wrong ones will do. Consequently his writing has the finesse of a drunk on a tightrope. Even the most honest attempt to read impartially *The Dharma Bums* results in a single question: "Is Kerouac really serious?" You can almost answer that question from a glance at his photographs which capture something besides the ruggedly handsome face, the unbuttoned collar, the unkempt hair. He has the harassed look of a boy afraid he'll get caught playing with matches. Perhaps lurking in the back of his muddled mind is the apprehension that his pitiful attempts at literature will not long go rewarded.

GOMORRAH

Yellow smoke found an opening
here
Wound its way up, a tenous
thread
Curling round a gray-slate stair
Escaping to the cloud-dirt over-
head.

In a pile of shattered glass I found
him
With bits of city-sore around him.
From his censor pot the jaundiced
smoke came
Creeping round his face till it did
float.

I saw him there as a child
I wondered long on what he was.
Features grinning through wav-
ering smoke
Bloody eyes, in his black mouth a
fire stoked.

I gazed long at this child
And his rotted wooden den
Handled his play toys, the
can and the glass. And when

Darkness stole into his haunt
He turned on four hands
Crept slowly with his yellow
smoke
Clutching his toys in the grim
sand.

I walked to the edge of this city
Walked to the edge of this moun-
tain.

Seeing this city tossing in sleep
Fitfull sleep—so deep, so deep.

Thinking on this yellow place
My heart grew coldly sad;
This dank place devoid of grace,
The city . . . the lad . . .

BY
CHARLES
FAUCHER

John Gulassa Says . . .

The clamor of modern psychologists and wardens of correctional institutions is constantly getting broader and more audible. Crime is slicing away a monstrous portion of our citizens, they sob. People are succumbing to the unlawful at a treacherously ridiculous pace and this fact wrinkles the foreheads of all faithful devotees of modern newspaper journalism and brings a surprised, "Tsk, tsk!" to their lips. "Something *must* be done about this acute problem," say millions of people who fear the future fate of all juvenile cit-

izens. Too many youngsters have already caused the adjective "juvenile" to be intimately linked with "delinquent." Indeed the two words have almost become as inseparable as a pair of Siamese twins. What *can* be done about this social difficulty which pricks the minds of professional criminologists? What? I don't know. I'm not a somebody. I'm not even sensational enough to make the headlines or the women's page of any newspaper. Only somebodies are lucky enough (lucky? Nah, let's say fated) fated to sneak into the neat black and white columns

. . . I'm
An
Anybody

in newspapers. Only people who murder, steal, rape, embezzle, get killed in accidents, or compose tasty recipes are journalistic material.

I just continue along in the background, busying myself with the normal daily procedures of breathing, eating . . . Oh well, you know who I am. In almanacs I'm a statistic. If you've seen an aerial photograph of a few million or so citizens of Chicago dabbling at the seashore, I was most likely that baldheaded fellow giving the girl in the red bathing suit a hot foot while she was sightseeing the latest issue of *Seventeen*. I know what you're thinking. I ought to act my paleolithic age. Imagine an ancient membrane, birdbrain, flitting about with teenage girls. My lord, some people *do* have the darndest nerve . . . You finished yet, lady? I'm only sixteen, and the teenage girl was my fifty-eight year old grandmother. Yeah, I know. I guess we all get that way sometimes when we're just people. Not gangsters or politicians, just people.

I stirred up enough courage to talk to a somebody once. He was a big-time newspaper man from the Whiting *Times Graphic*. Some foreign correspondent, I think. He covered Chinatown and Maxwell Street in Chicago. And the *Graphic* is a real famous paper. The only one in the world that comes out bi-annually. I conversed with this gentleman for a time, then casually sneaked in an idea that had been haunting me for

years. I told him it was only fair that we honest citizens should have a day once a year when we all got our names in the newspaper. He laughed (the upper crust are that way) then agreed it would be a tremendous idea, but . . . he couldn't help me. His paper couldn't afford to waste space on us. It would have been too hard for a bi-annual paper to do it anyway.

I junked the idea as preposterous and crawled back into my role as anybody. It was a rather monotonous world I lived in, something like a batter swinging for a home run, always on the same pitch. But being a statistic or an anybody was just too dull to be boring.

My idea finally materialized, though. It happened rather unexpectedly.

I bought the *Chicago Tribune* in the Monon (the only anybody railroad in the world) train depot as I always did. The headlines, however, were rather unusual. "3,620,962 CHICAGO CITIZENS (1950 CENSUS) WHO ARE NOT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES DID NOT SEND KHRUSCHEV'S LETTER BACK TO HIM." That's interesting, I thought. I paged on a bit. On page two I found a gruesome report of the death of an aged gentleman from South Halsted Street. "3,620,961 people were not killed when the speeding auto of J. P. Somebody splashed into a shabby tree. Officer Richard Tracy of the Chi-

chicago Police Department announced early this morning that the gentleman died immediately after his unexpected meeting with the tree. J. P. Somebody is survived by 3,620,961 anybodies who were not in the said auto."

I then wrestled through the recipes, comic strips, Woolworth advertisements, and movie ads. Finally I reached the sport's page. The feature article was on the big boxing match which had been staged the night before. "3,600,-914 Chicago citizens were not in attendance in Soldier's Field last evening when Ezzard Q. Charles successfully defended his heavy-weight crown by decisively pulverizing Joseph N. Palooka. An off the cuff description of the contender is rather unimpressive—a dry crop of blond hair which is perennially uncombed, an excessively huge chest of 94 and 3/4 inches with a feminine waistline of 14 inches, and, despite this massive frame, the most innocent and simple face ever to adorn the external front portion of a boxer's head. Palooka's trainer Knobby Z. Walsh, who incidentally is a New York comic character, expressed some disappointment in the performance of Mr. Palooka. And I quote, 'He always used to win da fights in the papers when Ham Fisher was his boss.'

"The paradox of the entire

evening was that the heavy-weight crown was still rejected by Mr. Charles even though he kayoed Palooka in the tenth round and received a glorious ovation from the thousands of fans immediately thereafter. I have reasons to believe that a freak accident was the cause of this. A disappointed Palooka fan, a certain Humphrey Pennyworth (his middle initial is unknown), a slightly stocky red-haired lad of 28 years and 420 lbs., seized the champ and sat on him. When I interviewed Charles a little later in his hospital suite, he announced his withdrawal from the ring and added: 'Did they retrieve that stray Hippopotamus from Brookfield Zoo yet?' Truthfully reported by the late Arch Ward."

I proudly tucked the paper under my left arm pit, squared my shoulders, and strutted toward the Michigan Boulevard park bench where I lived. I enumerated the highlights of my glorious debut in the papers. I wasn't the President of the U.S. who had sent the letter back to Khrushchev; I wasn't in J. P. Somebody's auto when he splashed in a tree; and I didn't attend the boxing match. I was truly satisfied. I wasn't just a simple statistic in the latest Almanacs anymore. I also had my figure in the Chicago *Tribune*!

THE BLIND MAN

by
Ronald
Moorman

Sweat-still on a day was the old Blind Man on the gutter—dirty, bearded, bum-like, blind, living. The boys in the neighborhood said he wouldn't even move if the dogs came up and—but he sure looked tired; and I guess that's mainly why he didn't move much. Never knowing but just hearing, they say he lives in an old shack down an alley near the water-plant, and that's a long walk. So maybe he just sits here all the time, and—but no, he must move. It rains sometimes, and he'd get wet. So, I guess he moves, sometimes. He chews most of the time, and, well, he sort of misses and his clothes are dirty and stink, and you can be blind and know he's around. He stinks, but that doesn't make any difference because we're just looking and can't smell him, except maybe if we tried, but we won't since we're just looking and shouldn't.

It's rather fun, this looking, I mean, not wanting to know but just doing so, and sort of knowing things without asking; and we can think we're smart but we're not, much. Look at him. Past the tired, sad eyes and dirty face and patched clothes, and you'll see Something. It's nice and quiet isn't it, and there's no rush and roar and motion, but only quiet like a lake, although there are cars and buses, dogs, cats, and humans, even kids all around; but it's quiet, and after all, he doesn't even know we're looking, but we are.

It's an awful big It down here, all quiet like, and noisy just in the corners where he once lived, but doesn't now. I sort of wish that I had been him and he-I, and I could sit on corners, listen to people, and be quiet once; but no, that wouldn't have worked, because he chews and I don't, so it couldn't have happened. But just think, we could have seen and tasted and lived:

Quiet morning on a hillside somewhere quiet on earth which must have been a long, long time ago because there's only noise now and no quiet, but anyway, it was cool, and far away; and even farther away than there, a lamb woke up crying and its mother-hungry noise came up to ears quiet loud on the morning air, and a boy listened.

Black nights, smoke, and new-found thing in life called living, though it really was dying, but that is a long story and we can forget it (maybe). Girls, also new-found in living, and being tired—not work-tired, but new-found-living tired, and sick of it all but not saying, for saying isn't living and what if the boys should say that he wasn't living, and that couldn't be, but why did something have to come and break it all up and there are no young anymore.

Cover and calming of the waves and dying of the fire and work, and now tiredness really is and we are too, tired. Smiling is no more, but only corner-smiling that cheers no one but makes

money, or should but doesn't, and dirty laughing at dirty things that are clean in a corner. And someone tries to find the lights to fill the room, but he gropes, stumbles, falls, and damns the lights, and doesn't get up to turn them on (at least then, but maybe they are on now. I think they are.)

Things falling, right and left, upside-down-sides, and just plain down, and nobody catches them and they crash into pieces, but don't break, and they lie there, and soon (long-soon but soon) someone with white hands and heart comes along and picks things up, and everything is straightened out (almost) and—He is still a bum, but you and I know better, don't we? Let him stink (and he does), but we stink too (not to us, no, but to Him who knows no stink but sin, we stink.) Sorry, silk-hat and golden-hair, but that's the way things are, just like that. Dirt will always be for bums like him, yet he is clean, new-clean, but clean, and many hands are dirty that work with lily-white gloves that are white or seem to be, but aren't. He has, quiet-minded and worn-out sure, a heart that beats bum-like, slow and steady and clear, and his beat is calm in the nervous noise around him, and I admire him (in a way) or should, but maybe don't. He is clean, that we have seen, and pure-white under dirt when many are clean and pure-white above dirt, but not he.

And he is happy!

STIGMA

Hanley Science

Essay Award, 1958

by

Raymond

Tennant

Man, not through social convention, but through the will of God, has placed virginity at the apex of womanhood. Virginity has two aspects, the physical and spiritual, which the theologians refer to as the material and formal elements respectively. How-

ever, men have taken what cannot be used as a true material element of virginity and have raised it to the status of a formal element. The true concept of virginity has been twisted and all proof of a woman's virginity has come to rest on the presence of a small physical structure, the hymen, which was originally thought of as the physical sign of virginity.

The hymen itself is a thin fold of mucous membrane, with very much the same structure as your own outer layer of skin. It is situated just inside the opening of the female genitals, at the mouth of the vagina. The shape of the hymen varies. When stretched, it may appear in the form of a ring or sometimes in the shape of a half-moon. It is usually perforated in the center by a small opening. The size of this opening and the elasticity of this structure vary.

Biologists have advanced different theories concerning the origin and possible function of the hymen. Hann, a German biologist, for example, calls it "a vestige of the animal past of the human race." He states that in prehistoric times man performed the animal form of copulation. The male mounted the female from the rear. The hymen, because it was so elastic, served to press the penis against the clitoris (the sensitive female area), and after the act, which was carried out in a standing position, the hymen retained the semen within the vagina. It is assumed that the hymen was more elastic and for that reason did not rupture as easily as it does now.

Other theories describe the hymen as a vestigial structure resulting from the breaking down of a natural partition existing between the internal and external portion that is present in other female animals, which bursts shortly before sexual maturity. Therefore, they conclude that it is designed to prevent sexual intercourse before sexual maturity. On the other hand, the remnants which may remain after intercourse may serve to prevent the seminal fluid from flowing out of the vagina. They then consider the hymen as a protective structure, similar to the shell of an egg. This being its indirect purpose, they consider its immediate purpose to hinder sexual relations before maturity.

It can possibly be considered

analogous to the male prepuce or foreskin of the penis, in as much as this, too, sometimes presents a hindrance in sexual relations. This, in part, accounts for the ancient practice of male circumcision.

The hymen, through the ages, has been shrouded in many false beliefs and cults. Primitive tribes, even up until recent times, practiced certain "female circumcision" and "deflowering" rituals connected with it. According to present "concepts" the hymen represents the "dividing line" between virginity and non-virginity. This is a fallacy.

An astounding clinical fact proves that not only can intercourse take place without damage to the hymen, but that conception and even birth can occur without its being ruptured. This is due to the variations in size, shape, and elasticity. In women where the structure is highly elastic, normal intercourse can often take place without rupture. If there is only shallow penetration, as in the case where the male is partially impotent or his organ is not of normal size, the chances that it will be harmed are greatly reduced. If, too, the hymen does not entirely cover the vaginal opening, or if the opening in the hymen itself is irregularly large, complete penetration can occur without damaging its arrangement. The opening is sometimes greatly enlarged through the use of menstrual tampons in adolescence or early womanhood.

Damage, to the hymen, prior to intercourse, can occur in a number of ways. In infancy, if proper care is not taken in handling or washing of the child, it can be severely damaged. Extreme caution is, therefore, advisable in washing or medicating of the genitals of the infant. In adolescence, or later years for that matter, the hymen can be ruptured by strenuous physical activity such as bicycle or horseback riding. This has been proved to be a relatively frequent occurrence. In medical examinations it is often necessary to pierce the hymen so that the doctor may examine the internal organs. Now, however, a certificate confirming this is usually given.

The character of the perfora-

tion depends on these factors mentioned above such as consistency and elasticity. According to present theories, remnants of the lacerated hymen can denote the manner in which it was broken. The remaining fragments resulting from an accidental breakage will differ from those resulting from copulation. Other factors such as previous sex life, however, must be taken into consideration.

The dispelling of the misconceptions surrounding the hymen has been the basic premise of this paper. Ultimately, scientific investigation and research has the obligation of dissolving superstitions and misconceptions which tend to cloud men's minds and to lead them on erroneous and often disastrous paths. This is one of the basic aims of science itself.

Nobody Cries

Crushed ant on a busy sidewalk,
Nobody cries,
Except his wife and he
and God,
Ant-God,
Who makes ants and bugs,
And worms, and dogs,
cats, cows, horses, lions,
and men
and ants
That die, crushed on sidewalks.
Men crush men on lifewalks,
Nobody cries,
Voices in a wilderness,
Not even God (hardly)
He smiles

And opens his house.

—Ronald Moorman